

-- School For Housewives, --

By Marion Harland.

Household Hints for The Benefit of Busy Wives and Mothers

Will you kindly print in your column what effect peroxide of hydrogen has on the skin? If it is harmful, and if it will remove freckles? LOUISE.

Peroxide of hydrogen, it is claimed by those who use it, does not injure the skin. Women who have yellowed their necks by wearing high, tight stock collars remove the yellow tinge by washing the skin with peroxide of hydrogen.

Further than this I have no right to go. Mrs. Henry Symes answers queries as to facial blemishes and the like. Since her engagements will not allow her to reply by mail, if you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope, I will put you into communication with those who can help you.

Will you kindly inform me through your columns as to the proper gift to send for a second wedding anniversary? A CONSTANT READER.

As the second anniversary is the "paper wedding," send the bride a handsome writing case stocked with paper and envelopes, stamped with her initials.

Will you kindly come to my aid, as you have to many of your "suffering sisters," by telling me how to remove sweetened milk stains from a blue and white polka dot satin foulard? M. F. G.

Sponge with warm water and alcohol. This will remove sugar and dust. What is left is grease from the cream. Rub the wrong side of the silk with pulverized French chalk. Leave on all night, brush off the powder, lay blotting paper over the spot, and press with a warm iron.

Will you kindly inform me as to the best way to get rid of the little insect called the "buffalo moth?" You may know it by some other name. It is more like a small bug than the regular moth, and seems to require different treatment. HOUSEKEEPER.

Take up carpets and remove furniture into the open air. Beat and sun thoroughly. Before returning them to their places inject gasoline, into which red pepper has been stirred, into the cracks of the flooring, and about the baseboard and moldings. Shut the room up for four hours. While the carpets are up sprinkle them freely with dry salt and sweep them twice—once against the nap, once with it. The salt kills eggs and larvae and freshens the colors.

It is with pleasure and edification that I eagerly peruse your column, but this is my initial letter to you. It replies to the request for canning tomatoes.

Like "J. R.," I have had many failures. Two summers ago I tried my mother-in-law's plan, and as a result I have in my cellar two jars left from last summer. Out of thirteen quart jars but one spoiled, and that because it was not air-tight.

Here is mother-in-law's (and now my) method:

Wash and skin the tomatoes. Squeeze them lightly to expel the seeds. Do this carefully, without destroying the shape of the tomato, as they are nicer whole. Fill the jars with the whole tomatoes, strain through a sieve the seeds and juice that have been squeezed out and cover the tomatoes in jars with this juice. Then place a board about one-half inch thick in your wash boiler, setting the jars on the board, not to touch each other, but to rest on lightly, but do not turn. Pour cold water in the boiler about two inches lower than the top of the jars; set over the fire and boil two hours, at the end of which time the liquid in the jars will be almost colorless or clear like water, because the acid is almost gone. Lift out one jar at a time; put a new rubber on and screw tight. When cold screw again, and be sure they are air-tight. Lastly, cover the jar with a sugar bag, or some bag, so as to exclude the light. Mould sometimes forms, but that is a sure sign they are keeping. Many people render lids unfit for use by using a knife blade to open. They should be turned upside down in boiling hot water for five minutes, and then opened with a can opener. I think tomatoes at the best are hard to keep, and would suggest that "J. R." begin with new lids and new rubbers. I might add that the jar will be three-fourths full at the end of two hours' boiling, and if one desires one can fill up from another jar. I close mine up as they are, because our family is small, and the quantity is sufficient. Tomatoes canned in this way need only be heated and seasoned for the table. They are not only beautiful in the jar, but like fresh from the stalk. I wish you could see them.

If "J. R." tries this method, I wish her the success I have had.

MRS. C. E. F.

It is not every week or every month that brings to me the pleasure of publishing so well-written a letter, and one that explains so clearly the process the writer would describe. The veriest tyro in housewifery could follow the directions here given without a doubtful pause. Our new member's method of putting up tomatoes so nearly resembles that followed by myself for thirty years with signal success that I endorse it emphatically. I always fill my jars to overflowing, emptying four jars out of twelve to supply the remaining eight.

Tomatoes thus canned are infinitely superior to any that can be bought. I take this opportunity of inquiring if any correspondent who read the discussion which appeared in this paper last summer relative to the cold-water process of preserving vegetables and fruits, gave it a fair trial, and if so, with what results. I have a story to tell of my own experience in that line, but invite other "sisters" to "free their minds" before I speak.

For years I have had it in my heart to make a pillow of some light, cool material. Last year we saved corn husks; today I converted them into material for filling a pillow by shredding them with a silver fork. These were popcorn husks. I held the husks by the stem and shredded upward, afterward cutting away the stem. I then filled the pillow cover, and am much pleased.

I have profited by others' suggestions and recipes, and wish to add my mite.

Let the blessed work of doing good and of communicating go on. It is by the aggregate of such "littles" added daily, hourly and by the minute, that we move toward the millennium. It is the work of the coral-builders and the gathering, first into the nebulae, then into the worlds, of star dust. In the sight of him who numbers the hairs of our heads and "sifts the stars like sand" nothing that helps the feeblest of his children is petty or ignoble.

Will you kindly tell me what will take a perspiration stain out of pongee silk? F. W.

Sponge gently with equal parts of warm water (soft and clean) and alcohol. Wipe dry at once. Should a stain remain, as is probable—for perspiration contains both salts and acids—wash with ether.

I have a light green lansdowne dress, and I got some kind of a spot on it. Will you please tell me something that will remove it without taking the color out? C. W.

"Some kind of a spot" is very indefinite. If the stain were caused by acid, ammonia might restore the color. In ignorance of the nature of the "spot," I refer you to advice just given to "F. W."

Beer Steins Turned Into An Orchestra

THE most fantastic set of beer steins in existence is probably that which Philadelphia had a chance to see the other day.

The queer set was among the wedding presents showered upon Elsie Cassatt when she was married to William Plunkett Stewart of Baltimore, in January last. The gift aroused the curiosity of every guest.

Each stein is of silver and fashioned to represent a musician blowing a horn, playing a violin or beating a drum.

When the nine are placed in the center of a table they form a complete orchestra.

While decidedly interesting as examples of the workmanship of a century ago, the steins can scarcely be regarded as model drinking vessels. The head and shoulders of the musicians can be lifted off. This discloses a cavity in the body, which holds about as much liquor as a wine glass. There are no handles unless the horns and stringed instruments are intended for that purpose. They were made in London, maker's name unknown, and fashioned by hand with rare skill.

The patience of the silversmith who fashioned the cups must have been extraordinary, for the delicate strings of the violins and the intricate parts of the wind instruments are all carefully modeled, and the heads of the musicians are studies in themselves. One man looks around with the air of an

expert who has trilled off his solo and knows he has done it as none else can; others are almost cracking their cheeks as they put vigor into the melody; the 'cello player smiles gleefully over his individual contribution, and the bass drummer and performer on the cymbals appear to be in deadly earnest as they pound their respective instruments. The musicians wear the ruffles and trunks of the Elizabethan period.

How to Read History.

Perhaps the best way to read history is to take up the life of some great figure that attracts our imagination, and be drawn by that into the study of the general stage upon which he was only a single actor. Certainly it is not a good plan to begin with those elaborate documentary histories in which you cannot find the wood for the trees. It is better to be wrong in a few of your facts, or even contract a bias from some partisan historian, than to lose yourself in a morass of documents. The best histories are the vividest. If they occasionally lead you astray, you can always correct them by the more sober-colored chronicles. Macaulay may have been prejudiced, and so may Froude, and so, undoubtedly, was Carlyle; so, again, was Gibbon; yet, none of these are the great historians, the historians who set you upon the peaks of time and enable you to see history as it lies beneath, in wide views and broad masses.

Minus Labels.

(Boston Transcript.)

The ancients had a saying that truth was in wine. This shows conclusively that the ancients' wine bottles bore no labels.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.



Drawn by Malcolm Straus

New Batch of Salad Recipes For Dog Day Reading.

DANDELION SALAD.

Break the dandelion leaves in halves and lay them in cold water for half an hour, then drain and lay in iced water for another half hour. Drain and send to the table in a chilled salad bowl, serving with a dressing made of two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one of vinegar, a half-teaspoonful of onion juice and a saltspoonful, each, of salt and pepper.

A NICE FISH SALAD.

Boil halibut until done, but not broken. Sprinkle with salt and set aside to get very cold; then cut into neat pieces about an inch square. Line a bowl with lettuce, lay the bits of fish among the leaves and put on each piece of fish a slice of crisp cucumber. Pour mayonnaise dressing over all.

CUCUMBER AND CRESS SALAD.

Into a chilled salad bowl put a layer of fresh, crisp watercress, then a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers. These should be soaked first in ice water. Then a teaspoonful of finely minced chives, then another layer of cucumbers with a light border of the cress around the edge. Keep it on the ice till very cold. When ready to serve, pour a French dressing over it and toss about till well mingled. It should be served and eaten immediately, as it soon wilts in the vinegar, and you cannot have it too cold.

NUT SALAD.

Shell two dozen English walnuts and throw them into boiling water. When the skins slip from them easily, remove the nuts from the water and skin them. Lay the blanched nuts, when cold and crisp, in salad oil for half an hour, drain and lay them among the crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

NUT AND ORANGE SALAD.

Peel and cut into bits sweet oranges, and shell English walnuts. Dispose the oranges and nuts among the leaves of a bowl of lettuce, and pour mayonnaise dressing over all.

PEACH SALAD.

Pare large, sweet peaches. Cut a section from the top of each, and carefully remove the stones; fill the cavity with mayonnaise and serve in lettuce cups. Have it very cold and serve in a chilled bowl.

THE RAVENGLASS GALLERY.

Nesting Place of Birds on Northwest Coast of England.

(London Spectator.)

At Ravensglass, on the Cumberland coast, three small rivers, descending from the lake country, flow into the sea together. They join and form a wide and muddy estuary, which is separated from the sea by a bank of sand hills. At one end of this range of hills there is a gap, through which the tide rises and falls in the estuary, and the fresh waters of the Esk, the Mite and the Irt make their way into the ocean. At the other end the sandhills are connected with the mainland, near the village of Drigg, about three miles up the coast.

On this breezy and secluded peninsula black-headed gulls have formed a gallery or nesting colony. The range of dunes is about half a mile wide and three miles long. On the one side is the Irish sea, breaking upon a long stretch of sandy shore. On the other side the muddy waters of the tidal river ebb and flow. At low tide one can wade across; at high tide one can cross in a boat from Ravensglass. There is almost a certain charm about the flats round an estuary. A pleasing coloring, a strange vegetation and plentiful bird-life are produced or attracted by the brackish water. At Ravensglass you have in addition a background of mountains. The Cumberland fells rise green and brown in the sunlight, with Scatfell Pike, capped with white clouds, in the furthest distance.

To visit this spot in May, during the nesting season of the gulls, is one of the most agreeable and wonderful excursions that an ornithologist can enjoy. Having crossed the estuary, you land upon a bank of wet and crunching shingle, which changes as you advance into the purest and driest sand. In front rises the long, low range of sandhills, and even at a distance the cries of the gulls, flying round above their mates, are noisy and strident. The hills for the most part produce nothing but dry, gray sea grass. Some slopes have nothing on them but pure, dry drifted sand. Occasionally the hollows where a richer soil prevails, are filled with a tolerable turf and carpeted with violets and thrift. Everywhere lie broken shells, scraps of seaweed and wreckage, and the bleached and scat-

Children and Their Ways Are Discussed With Their Parents

Is it customary to send announcement cards on the birth of a child? If so, will you please give me the proper style in use, and anything else that is necessary, and greatly oblige your constant reader and friend? F. H. L.

The pretty custom is growing more and more popular, judging from the cards just laid upon my desk. Upon the larger is engraved in small capitals:

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS VAUGHAN HOWARD,
1205 D— Street, Brooklyn.

Upon the smaller, a tiny oblong, attached to the upper center of the large card by a bow of narrow white ribbon, I read in yet more minute capitals:

ELEANOR GRAY HOWARD,
JULY THE ELEVENTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO.

The two bits of pasteboard tell the whole story. Friends are not left to hear the important news through chance gossip. And if, on meeting the happy parents, and asking with interest, real or feigned, as to the well-being of "that blessed baby," the solicitous querist need not dampen paternal pride by inquiring, "Boy or girl?"

I read each such announcement with tender interest, laying it aside gently, a dreamy smile in my eyes. An old, old story! Yes, but one that never stales in the repetition. Every baby is a miracle, and as marvelous as if no other had ever been born.

A few days ago I had a business letter from a young fellow whom I have never seen, although we have corresponded upon matters interesting to us both, editorially and financially. In this letter he apologizes for the delay of a day or two:

"Pardon me for mentioning that since the receipt of your last favor my first-born has been laid, for the first time, in my arms."

"It is all very, very wonderful—and solemn!"

Then he goes on to write of manuscripts and money. My respect and my liking for him mounted with a bound in reading the passage prefaced by an apology. It was worth all of his other letters put together.

"It is all very, very wonderful—and solemn!"

How can selfishness be obliterated from one's make-up? Can you give me any advice on this subject? Are there any publications on this subject? I have a son, a fine boy in every respect, except that he has more than the normal amount of selfishness. If he is to be cured of this, it must be while he is young. Can you help me? C. J. W.

The best "publication" in his case and in yours would be the issue of what the late Louis A. Godey, my dear friend, used to call my successive babies, "New Editions of Animated Nature, Bound in Linen Cambric."

Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" was in every library then, and lent point to Mr. Godey's jest. He invariably added to his congratulation, "May the line stretch out to the crack of doom!"

A large family of brothers and sisters is a sovereign panacea for selfishness. If for no other reason than this, the modern American aversion to a plurality of olive plants in the home nursery is hurtful to the race. An only child is a lonely child. That goes without saying. It is almost as surely true that he is a selfish creature. The very love which is his daily food becomes bane in his system, for it fosters self-esteem. His parents' hearts are bound up in him. Life is the center about which revolve all their hopes and their ambitions. He would be more than human if, in the ignorant arrogance of youth, he did not assume and believe for certain that his small personality must be of supreme consequence.

A significant Irish superstition asserts, "The cake undivided makes the eater sick." When the cake is divided into four pieces it is twice as wholesome as when halved.

Have I never told in this Corner a pretty incident that fell under my own eye of the 6-year-old boy whose 8-year-old brother was ordered by the doctor to take the unsugared juice of half a lemon mixed with water every morning as a preventive of malaria?

The boys were exactly the same height and there was but half a pound's difference in their weight. The happy mother often laughingly called them her "twins." They were never apart, day or night. They never said "I" or "mine." It was always "we" and "ours."

On this particular morning Ned found the acid draught especially unpleasant. Too obedient to refuse it, he sipped it with obvious reluctance, even shivering as he tried to follow his mother's advice "to take it all down at once like a man!"

Sterling sat by watching the operation with eyes that waxed from wistfulness into agony.

Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he put out a chubby hand:

"Mamma, let me take the rest of it for him!"

This was a clean "obliteration of selfishness," a method of God's very own and hallowed appointment.

I am writing this letter at the request of a lady who is in a most distressed condition, and needs competent advice. Her husband is confined as an incurable in the Trenton insane asylum. The wife has been working hard for several years to keep herself and two children from starvation. At present she is so exhausted from work and worry that she is unable to go out, and is compelled to take a little rest. She is employed in a shirt waist factory as an operator. She pays for boarding her daughter out of town \$2 a week, and keeps the other child, a boy of 6, with herself. She would like to place the boy in some free institution, religious or secular, where he could be raised more or less decently. The fact that his father is living makes the question a hard one to solve. There are plenty of orphan homes, but none that I know of that would admit a boy, both of whose parents are living. Yet this father is worse than dead in all respects. Outside of the fact that the wife is unable to provide for the boy's living, she cannot look after him, being all day in the factory, and the boy is slowly acquiring undesirable habits from the streets.

Could you kindly advise her, and soon, where she could place her boy? By doing so you will perform a real act of charity for a most deserving woman.

A philanthropic friend to whom this touching query is referred gives the address of the Bethesda Children's Christian Home, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

It may be that other hearts may be moved to offer prompt and practical suggestions in reference to a case which has peculiarly sad elements.

The address of the disinterested friend who writes of the virtually widowed woman and her worse than fatherless boy is in my hand. I shall be more than glad to place it at the disposal of anyone who wishes to inquire personally into the facts of the story.

Haymaking Parties Are the Latest

THE newest fad of English aristocracy is the hay-making party. Nobles of high degree, well-bred dames and beautiful girls mingle on the meadow with the children and with pitchfork and rake and make hay while the sun shines.

Then, after an afternoon of this jolly and informal fun, there comes a delightful dinner on the lawn. For a brief period statesmen forget the cares of office, and social leaders their intrigues and plots and all become as little children.

The leader in this delightful innovation is Lady Levin, one of the most popular women in English society. For years she has given an annual hay-making party in the grounds of Brompton house. This year, in addition to the joyous picnic of the meadow, Lady Levin had a concert after dinner, the star feature of which was Miss Melba.

But Americans with slender pocket-books can imitate the novelty, and can have a royal good time on very little money. All that is needed is a good crowd, the loan of a farm meadow, and enough baskets to carry the food for the crowd.

A Change.
(Philadelphia Press.)

"Last I heard of her she had a good place as collector, running down old accounts for the department stores."

"She's better fixed now. She's running up new accounts at the department stores. She married a rich man, you know."